

The Complete Tribune Primer

— BY —
EUGENE FIELD

Containing 75 Original Drawings by K. Oppert



MUTUAL BOOK COMPANY
BOSTON · MASSACHUSETTS.



DISCARD

To Ralph from Will



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MUTUAL BOOK COMPANY
BOSTON-MASSACHUSETTS.

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AN AUTO-ANALYSIS.

I WAS born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 3, 1850, the second, and oldest surviving, son of Roswell Martin and Frances (Reed) Field, both natives of Windham County, Vermont. Upon the death of my mother (1856) I was put in the care of my (paternal) cousin, Miss Mary Field French, at Amherst, Massachusetts.

In 1865 I entered the Private School of Rev. James Tufts, Monson, Massachusetts, and there fitted for Williams College, which institution I entered as a freshman in 1868. Upon my father's death, in 1869, I entered the Sophomore class of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, my guardian, John W. Burgess, now of Columbia College, being then a professor in that institution. But in 1870 I went to Columbia, Missouri, and entered the State University there, and completed my junior year with my brother. In 1872 I visited Europe, spending six months and my partrimony in France, Italy, Ireland, and England. In May, 1873, I became a reporter on the St. Louis *Evening Journal*. In October of that year I married Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock (born in Chenango County, New York), of St. Joseph, Missouri, at that time a girl of sixteen.

We have had eight children—three daughters and five sons.

Ill health compelled me to visit Europe in 1889; there I remained fourteen months, that time being divided between England, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. My residence at present is in Buena Park, a north-shore suburb of Chicago.



MY newspaper connections have been as follows: 1875-76, city editor of the St. Joseph, Missouri, *Gazette*; 1876-80, editorial writer on the St. Louis *Journal* and St. Louis *Times-Journal*; 1880-81, managing editor of the Kansas City *Times*; 1881-83, managing editor of the Denver *Tribune*. Since 1883 I have been a contributor to the Chicago *Record* (formerly *Morning News*).

I wrote and published my first bit of verse in 1879; it was entitled "Christmas Treasures" (see "Little Book of Western Verse"). Just ten years later I began suddenly to write verse very frequently; meanwhile (1883-89), I had labored diligently at writing short stories and tales. Most of these I revised half a dozen times. One, "The Were-Wolf," as yet unpublished, I have rewritten eight times during the last eight years.

MY publications have been, chronologically, as follows:

1. "The Tribune Primer"; Denver, 1882. (Out of print, very scarce.) ("The Model Primer"; illustrated by Hoppin; Treadway, Brooklyn, 1882. A pirate edition.)

2. "Culture's Garland"; Ticknor, Boston, 1887. (Out of print.)

"A Little Book of Western Verse"; Chicago, 1892. (Large paper, privately printed and limited.)

"A Little Book of Profitable Tales," Chicago, 1889. (Large paper, privately printed and limited.)

3. "A Little Book of Western Verse"; Scribners, New York, 1890.

4. "A Little Book of Profitable Tales"; Scribners, New York, 1890.

5. "With Trumpet and Drum"; Scribners, New York, 1892.

6. "Second Book of Verse"; Scribners, New York, 1893.

7. "Echoes from the Sabine Farm." Translations of Horace; McClurg, Chicago, 1893. (In collaboration with my brother, Roswell Martin Field.)

8. Introduction to Stone's First Editions of American Authors; Cambridge, 1893.

9. "The Holy Cross and Other Tales"; Stone & Kimball, Cambridge, 1893.

I HAVE a miscellaneous collection of books numbering 3,500, and I am fond of the quaint and curious in every line. I am very fond of dogs, birds, and all small pets—a passion not approved of by my wife.

My favorite flower is the carnation, and I adore dolls.

My favorite hymn is "Bounding Billows."

My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," "Don Quixote," and "Pilgrim's Progress."

I greatly love Hans Christian Andersen's Tales, and I am deeply interested in folk-lore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, in witches, and in fairies.

I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a twenty-four-tune music box.

My heroes in history are Martin Luther, Mme. Lamballe, Abraham Lincoln; my favorite poems are Körner's "Battle Prayer," Wordsworth's "We Are Seven," Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," Luther's Hymn, Schiller's "The Diver," Horace's "Fons Bandusiae," and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." I dislike Dante and Byron. I should like to have known Jeremiah the prophet, old man Poggio, Horace, Walter Scott, Bonaparte, Hawthorne, Mme. Sontag, Sir John Herschel, Hans Andersen.

My favorite actor is Henry Irving; actress, Mme. Modjeska.

I dislike "Politics," so called.

I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women.

I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment.

I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I approve of compulsory education.

If I had my way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs, and cattle a penal offense; I should abolish all dog laws and dog-catchers, and I would punish severely everybody who caught and caged birds.

I dislike all exercise and play all games very indifferently.

I love to read in bed.

I believe in churches and schools: I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns, and fireworks.

I like music (limited).

I have been a great theater-goer.

I enjoy the society of doctors and clergymen.

My favorite color is red.

I do not care particularly for sculpture or for paintings; I try not to become interested in them, for the reason that if I were to cultivate a taste for them I should presently become hopelessly bankrupt.

I am extravagantly fond of perfumes.

I am a poor diner, and I drink no wine or spirits of any kind: I do not smoke tobacco.

I dislike crowds and I abominate functions.

I am six feet in height; am of spare build, weigh 160 pounds, and have shocking taste in dress.

But I like to have well-dressed people about me.

My eyes are blue, my complexion pale, my face is shaven, and I incline to baldness.

It is only when I look and see how young and fair and sweet my wife is that I have a good opinion of myself.

I am fond of the companionship of women, and I have no unconquerable prejudice against feminine beauty. I recall with pride that in twenty-two years of active journalism I have always written in reverential praise of womankind.

I favor early marriage.

I do not love all children.

I have tried to analyze my feelings toward children, and I think I discover that I love them in so far as I can make pets of them.

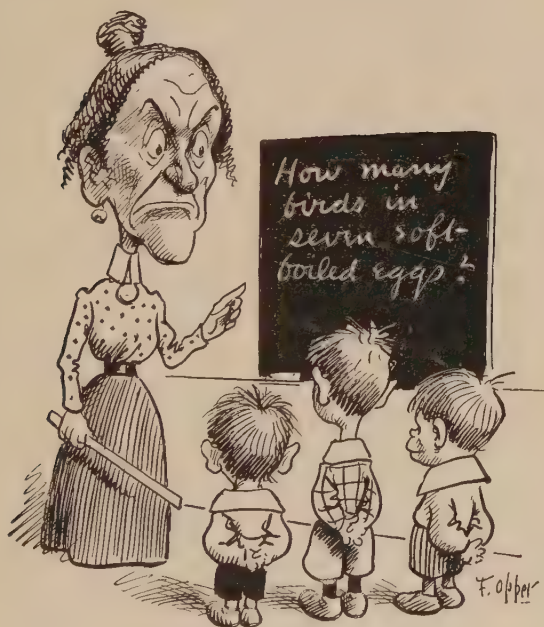
I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather.



I GIVE these facts, confessions, and observations for the information of those who, for one reason or another, are applying constantly to me for biographical data concerning myself.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE COMPLETE TRIBUNE PRIMER



MENTAL ARITHMETIC

HOW many Birds are there in Seven soft-boiled Eggs?

If you have Five Cucumbers and eat Three, what will you have left? Two? No, you are Wrong. You will have more than that. You will have Colic enough to Double you up in a Bow Knot for Six Hours. You may go to the Foot of the Class.



THE OYSTER

THE OYSTER

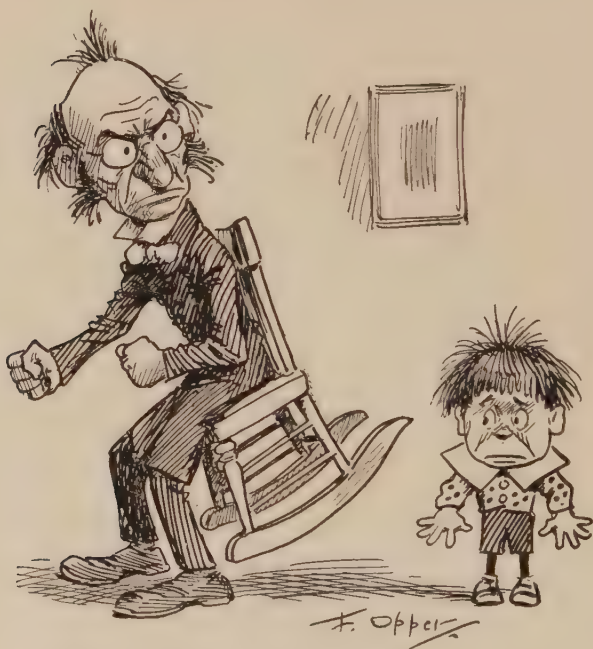
HERE we have an oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and sell the Warm Water for Forty Cents a pint. Then the Oyster will move on to the next Fair. In this Way, the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in Town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

**THE GAME OF CROQUET**

HERE we Have a Game of Croquet. Henry has just Hit Nellie with a mallet, and Nellie is calling Henry naughty Names. Their Mother is not much of a Croquet player, but in a minute she will Come out and Beat them Both.

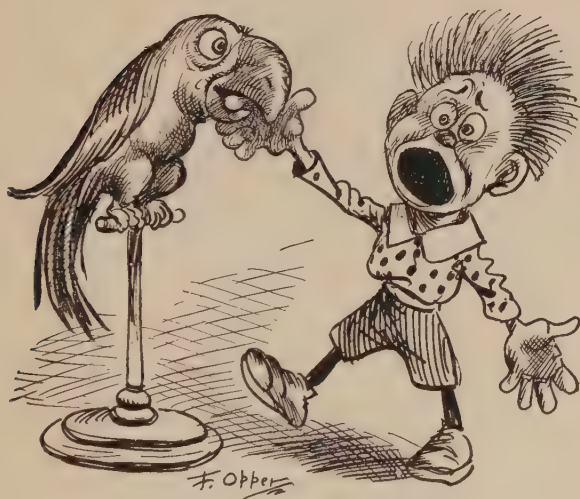
THE CITY EDITOR

HERE we Have a City Editor. He is Talking with the Foreman. He is saying he will have a Full Paper in the Morning. The Foreman is Smiling Sadly. Maybe he is Thinking the Paper will have a Full City Editor before Morning.



THE CHEWING GUM

HERE we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it a while and Stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel Piece. The Hired Girl will find it There and Chew it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this Way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, Put it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit upon.



THE PRETTY PARROT

WHAT a nice Bird this is! It is a Parrot. See it Stand on its Perch with its Beak, while its Legs kind of Lay around Loose in the Air. Will the Parrot swear? Just pull his tail and See. Oh, what a Profane bird! The Lady should not Teach her Parrot to Swear, because when the Preacher comes he will feel Bad about it. Would you like a little Wax Finger? Then put your Hand in the Parrot's Mouth and let him Fondle it a while. The Doctor will see you Later.



THE BAD MAN

THE BAD MAN

HERE is a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he Know what is going on, now that he has Stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will Say Nothing about it. That will be treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

**THE EDITOR'S KNIFE**

HERE we have a Knife. It looks like a Saw, but it is a knife. It belongs to an Editor, and is used for Sharpening Pencils, killing Roaches, opening Champagne Bottles, and Cutting the Hearts out of Bad men who Come into the office to Whale the Reporters. There is Blood on the Blade of the Knife, but the Editor will Calmly Lick it off, and then the Blade will be as clean and Bright as ever. The Knife cost seventy Cents, and was Imported from London, Connecticut. If you are Good, perhaps the Editor will Give it to you to Cut off the Cat's Tail.



THE NASTY OIL

THE NASTY OIL

DO not take the Castor Oil. It is very Nasty and will Make you sick. Mamma wants you to Take it so you Will be Sick and can't go Out and Play with the other Boys and Girls. If Mamma will give you a Velocipede and a Goat and a Top and a Doll, then you may Take the Castor Oil and it will not Hurt you.

**GENEROUS RICHARD**

THIS is good Little Richard. His Mamma has Taught him to be Generous. See, he has the Measles, and he is going over to Give them to his Neighbors. Is he not a Nice Boy? When you get the Measles, you must give them to all the little Boys and Girls you can. If you Do, maybe your Mamma will Give you Something. I guess she will Give you a Licking.

**THE SENATOR**

WHAT is that Walking along the Street? That, my Son, is a State Senator. Will you not Tell me all About it? No, my Son, you are too Young to hear Scandal.



THE HACK-DRIVER

WHAT is the Man in a Big Coat and Broad Hat? It is a Hack-Driver. What is a Hack-Driver? He frequently is a Reformed Train-Robber. He does not Rob Trains any more, but he Robs poor Young men who are too Full to Walk Home at Night. Does the Hack-Driver Drink? Yes, whenever he is invited. He will also smoke one of your Cigars if you Urge him. Will the Hack-Driver stop the Hack at the Corner and let you Walk the Rest of the Way to the House, so you may Tell your Wife you Walked all the Way Home? He will, by a large majority.



THE POOR DOG

THE Dog looks sick. He has been celebrating the Fourth of July. There is a Bunch of Fire Crackers tied to his Tail, also a tin Dipper. The Dipper does not Seem to bother him as much as the Fire Crackers. He is Wishing it was Christmas. We fear he is not a Patriotic Dog.



THE HUMOROUS BOY

THE HUMOROUS BOY

THIS man is a School Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair, and it will Bite the School Teacher. The School Teacher is a very able Man, and he will find it out as soon as the Bent Pin Tackles Him. Will the School Teacher rise again? We should smile. But the School Teacher will not smile. He will Play a Sonata with the Ferule on the Boy's Back. The Boy put the Bent Pin in the Chair. He is Trying to be a Humorist. When the School Teacher gets Through with him, the Boy will Eat his Meals from the Mantel-Piece for a Week.

**THE BAD MAMMA**

WHY is this little Girl crying? Because her Mamma will not let her put Molasses and Feathers on the Baby's face. What a bad Mamma! The little Girl who never had any Mamma must enjoy herself. Papas are Nicer than Mammamas. No little girl ever Marries a Mamma, and perhaps that is Why Mammamas are so Bad to little Girls. Never mind; when Mamma goes out of the Room, Slap the horrid Baby, and if it Cries, you can tell your Mamma it Has the Colic.



THE CONTRIBUTION PLATE

THE CONTRIBUTION PLATE

THIS is a Contribution Plate. It has just been Handed around. What is there upon it? Now Count very Slow or you will Make a Mistake. Four Buttons, one Nickel, a Blue Chip, and one Spectacle glass. Yes, that is Right. What will be Done with all these Nice things? They will be sent to foreign Countries for the good of the Poor Heathens. How the Poor Heathens will Rejoice.

**THE PROOF-READER**

SEE the Proof-Reader. He has been reading the Proof of a Medical Convention. He is not Swearing. He is reading the Bible. You cannot See the Bible. It is Locked up in an Iron Box in the Editor's Room. The Proof-Reader is Saying something about Damming Something. Perhaps it is the Creek.

**THE MOTHERLESS INFANT**

THE Man has a Baby. The Baby is Three weeks Old. Its Mamma Died two Years ago. Poor little Baby! Do you not Feel Sorry for it?

**THE MUD**

THE Mud is in the Street. The Lady has on a pair of Red Stockings. She is Trying to Cross the Street. Let us all give Three cheers for the Mud.



THE FOOLISH ROACH

THIS is a Cock Roach. He is Big, Black, and Ugly. He is Crawling over the Pillow. Do not Say a Word, but lie still and Keep your Mouth open. He will Crawl into Your Mouth and You can Bite him in Two. This will Teach him to be more Discreet in Future.



THE GUN

THIS is a gun. Is the Gun loaded? Really, I do not know. Let us Find out. Put the Gun on the table, and you, Susie, blow down one barrel, while you, Charlie, blow down the other. Bang! Yes, it was loaded. Run quick, Jennie, and pick up Susie's head and Charlie's lower Jaw before the Nasty Blood gets over the New carpet.



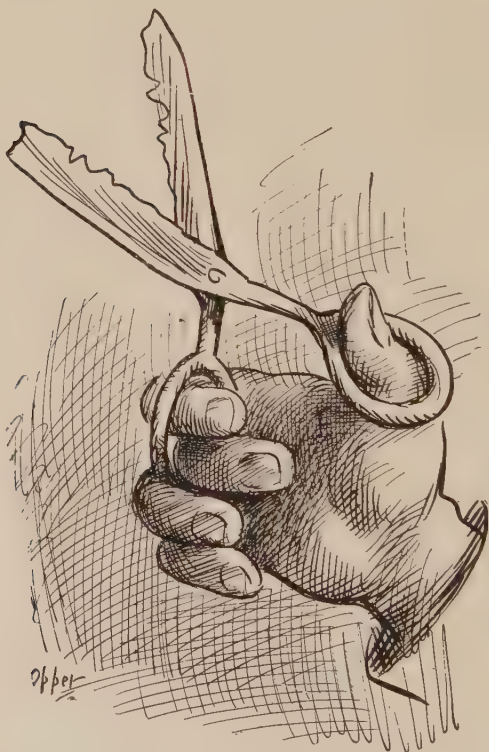
THE UNFORTUNATE MOUSIE

POOR little Mouse! He got into the Flour Barrel and Made Himself Dead. The Cook baked him in a Loaf of Bread, and here he lies on the Table cut in two by the Sharp bread Knife. But we will not Eat poor Mouse. We will eat the Bread, but we will Take the Mousie and Put him in the Cistern.



THE COAL-HOD

O H, how nice and Black the Coal-Hod is! Run, children, Run quick and put your Little Fat hands in it. Mercy me, your Hands are as Black as the Coal-Hod now! Hark! Mamma is Coming. She will spank you when she Finds your Hands so Dirty. Better go and Rub the Black Dirt off on the Wall Paper before she Comes.



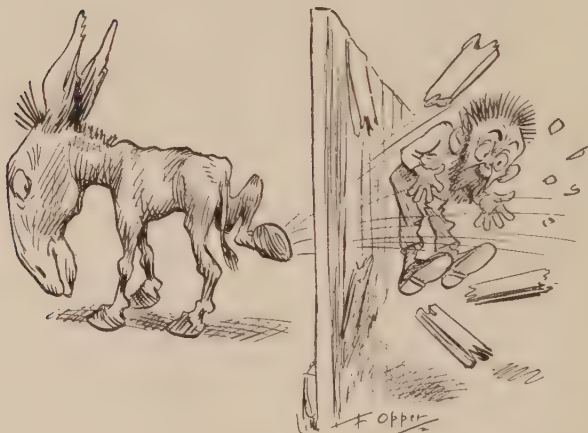
MAMMA'S SCISSORS.

MAMMA'S SCISSORS

THESE are Mamma's Scissors. They do not Seem to be in good Health. Well, they are a little Aged. They have considerable Work to Do. Mamma uses them to Chop Kindling, cut Stove Pipe, pull Tacks, drive Nails, cut the children's Hair, punch new Holes in the Calendar, slice Bar soap, pound beef Steak, open tomato Cans, Shear the New Foundland dog, and cut out her New silk Dress. Why doesn't Papa get Mamma a new Pair of Scissors? You should not Ask such a Naughty question. Papa cannot Afford to Play Billiards and Indulge his Extravagant Family in the Luxuries of Life.

**THE DELICATE GIRL**

THE Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her Tackle a Plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roost High when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we Should wear Sand-Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the Poor Door.



THE MULE

IS this not a mule? Tickle his Heel and See. You had better send for a Doctor and a Minister. If it had been a Piano instead of a Mule you would not Have to Wear yourself in a Sling for the next Six Months. Do you not wish it had been a Piano!



THE FUGITIVE

THE picture is of an Editor Sneaking down an Alley. The man on the Sidewalk is a Jeweler. The Editor Owes him Eight Thousand dollars for Diamonds. That is Why the Editor sneaks down the Alley instead of Meeting the Jeweler. Would you Like to be an Editor and Sneak down an Alley?



THE BOTTLE

THE BOTTLE

THIS is a Bottle. What is in the Bottle? Very bad Whisky. It has been Sent to the Local Editor. He did not Buy it. If he had Bought it the Whisky would have been Poorer than it is. Little Children, you Must never Drink Bad Whisky.

**THE PLUMBER**

THIS sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next spring he Will be Very, very Rich, and will wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His wife takes in Washing now, but She will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather Turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.

**AMERICA**

WHY is this great and glorious country called America? Principally because that is its name. Can you bound it? No, because it is a republic and will not be bound.

**THE APPLE**

THE Apple is in a Basket. A Worm is in the Apple. It is a juicy little white Worm. Suppose you Eat the Apple, where will the Worm be?



THE NOSE

THE NOSE

IS this a Locomotive Headlight? No. Then it Must be a Drug Store Illumination? No, it is a Man's Nose. What a Funny Nose it is. It looks like a Bonfire. Half a dozen such Noses would Make a Gaudy Fourth of July Celebration. It is too Bad that such a lovely tinted Nose should have such a Homely Man behind it. The Nose has Cost the Man a great Deal of Borrowed Money. If it were not for the Nose a Great many Breweries would Close and a great many Distilleries would Suspend. If the Man drinks too much Water, his nose will lose its Color. He must be Careful about this. How many such Noses would it take to make a Rainbow half a Mile long? Ask the man to let you Light your Cigar by his Nose.

**THE NAUGHTY RAT**

THE Rat is Gnawing at the Baby's Ear. The Baby is in the cradle, and is so Little it cannot Help itself. Oh, how Piteously it is Crying! The Rat does not care a Cent, and keeps Eating away at the Baby's Ear. When it gets this Ear eaten off it will Crawl over the Baby's neck and eat the other Ear. Where is the Baby's Mamma? She is Down in the Back Yard Talking over the fence to the neighbors about her New Dress. You must Tell your Mamma never to Leave you Alone in the Cradle, or a Rat may Eat off your Poor little Ears.



THE HASH

IS this a Chignon? No, it is a Plate of Hash. But where are the Brush and Comb? We cannot serve the Hash unless we have a Brush and Comb. The Comb is in the Butter, and the Baby has put the Brush in the Coffee-Pot. Don't cry, Children, we will Give you some nice Molasses with Pretty, green Flies in it.



SLEEPY KITTY

THE Cat is Asleep on the Rug. Step on her Tail and See if she will Wake up. Oh, no; She will not wake. She is a heavy Sleeper. Perhaps if you Were to saw her Tail off with the Carving knife you might Attract her attention. Suppose you try.



THE STATESMAN

THE STATESMAN

HERE is a Statesman. He makes speeches about the poor Tax-Payer and Drinks Whisky. His Pants are too Short for him. He must Have Stood in a Puddle of Water when he got Measured for them. He picks his Teeth with a Fork and Wipes his Nose on the Bottom of Sofas and Chairs. If you Neglect your Education and Learn to Chew plug Tobacco, maybe you will be a Statesman some time. Some Statesmen go to Congress and some go to Jail. But it is the Same Thing, after all.

**THE NASTY TOBACCO**

WHAT is the Nasty looking Object? It is a Chew of Tobacco. Oh, how Naughty it is to Use the Filthy Weed. It makes the teeth black, and Spoils the parlor Carpet. Go quick and Throw the horrid Stuff away. Put it in the Ice Cream Freezer or in the Coffee Pot, where Nobody can See it. Little girls, you Should never chew Tobacco.

**THE AWFUL BUGABOO**

OH, what a Bad Mamma to Leave Little Esther all Alone in the Dark Room. No wonder Esther is Crying. She is afraid a Big Bugaboo will come down the Chimney and Eat her up. Bugaboos like to Eat little Children. Did you ever see a Bugaboo with its Big Fire Eyes and Cold Teeth all over Blood? The next Time Mamma leaves you Alone in a Dark room, perhaps One will Come to Eat you.



THE DEEP WELL

THE Well is very Dark and Deep. There is Nice Cool Water in the Well. If you Lean way Over the Side, maybe you will Fall in the Well and down in the Dear Water. We will Give you some Candy if you will Try. There is a Sweet Little Birdie in the bottom of the Well. Your Mamma would be Surprised to find you in the Well, would she not?



PAPA READING

HOW nice Papa looks sitting by the Fire reading the Police Gazette. He is very fond of Literature. See how absorbed he is. There is a Torpedo on the Mantel Piece. Take it Down and Throw it at Papa's bald Head. That is right. Papa is not as Absorbed as he was. He seems to be Hunting for a Strap.



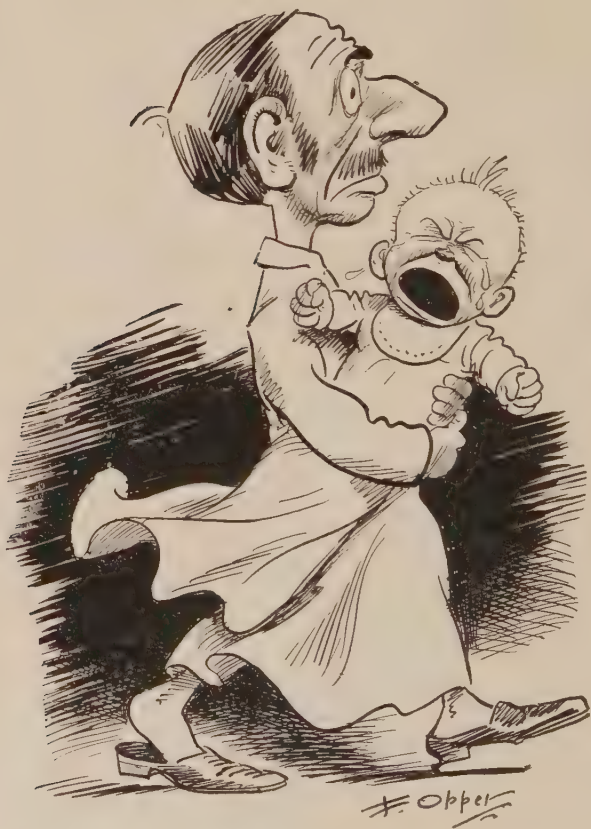
WILLIAM AND THE GIRL

THE Girl has pretty Eyes and Red Lips. She is going to Take a Walk in the Star Lit Glen, where the Cricket chirps in the Hedge and the Jiggers play in the grass. William is Going to Walk in the Glen, too. He will Meet the Girl and they will Talk about the Weather. We wouldn't Give a Cent for that Piece of Court Plaster on the Girl's chin by the Time the Girl gets Back home.



THE OCCUPIED BOY

THE Boy is Sitting Down eating Jam. His Mamma is coming through the Door. The Boy will stand up, the Next bowl of Jam he Eats.



THE BABY

THE BABY

HERE we have a baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and All of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what it is to be a Father.

**THE BLIND MAN**

THE old Man is Blind and cannot See. He holds his Hat in his Hand and there is a Dime in the Hat. Go up quietly and Take the Dime out of the Hat. The Man cannot See you. Next Sunday you can put the Dime in the Sabbath School box and the Teacher will Praise you. Your Papa will put some Money in the Contribution box, too. He will put More in than you do. But his Opportunities for Robbing are better than yours.

**THE BOIL**

THIS is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too. The Boil is a mean Thing, and it is a Coward. If you strike it, it will Run. But the Man will not Run. He will Dance and make Remarks. Boils may start Way down near a little Boy's waist-band, but they always come to a Head at last.



THE PEACH

THE Peach is hard and Green. He is Waiting for a Child to Come along and eat him. When he gets into the Child's little Stomach he will Make things Hot for that Child. The Child Who eats the Peach will Be an Angel before he Gets a Chance to Eat another. If there were No green Peaches there would not be so many Children's Sizes of Gold Harps in Heaven.



THE WASP

SEE the Wasp. He has pretty yellow Stripes around his Body, and a Darning Needle in his Tail. If you Will Pat the Wasp upon the Tail, we will Give You a Nice Picture Book.



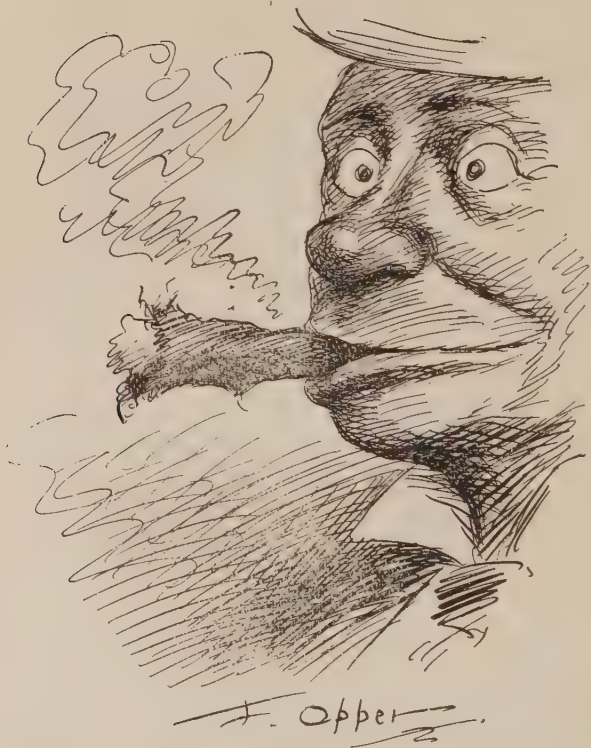
THE PROUD MAN

THIS is the Man who has had a Notice in the Paper. How Proud he is. He is Stepping Higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Step so High.



THE PRINTER

BEHOLD the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a Line. He has Been Hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half Line in Twenty Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle with him Never to set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He has to Set Type all Night, and Play Pedro for the Beer all day. We would Like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.



THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR

THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR

WHAT Smells so? Has somebody been burning a Rag, or is there a Dead Mule in the Back yard? No, the Man is Smoking a Five-Cent Cigar. The Cigar has a Breath on him like the Chimes of Normandy or a salivated cheese Factory. It is strong enough to raise a mortgage or Lick a postage stamp. The man will chew a piece of Asa-fetida by and by to take the Taste of the Cigar out of his Mouth.

**THE PICNIC AND THE PIE**

HERE we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True! And Miss Smith is laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broke up as the Pie, does he Not?

**DAISY AND JAMES**

DAISY is crying. Poor little Girl, we are Sorry for her. James has Hit her in the Eye with a Dornick. Fie on James to Do so, and Fie on Daisy not to Hit him back. Will Daisy pray for James to-night? No. She will Pull the Slats from his Bed, so he will Fall and Break his Arm on the Floor. That will be Right, will it not, Children?



THE PIECE OF TRIPE

IT is a Piece of Tripe. When it has been Fried, the Man will Eat it. Then he will Go to Bed and Dream of his Mother-in-Law and other Awful things. Tripe is Nice to Eat just Before you want to Die. Little children never Eat any Kind of Meat at supper unless they Want to Dream about getting Spanked.



THE HIRED GIRL

THIS is an Hired Girl. She has Something in her Hand. It is a Can, and there is Coal Oil inside. The Hired Girl is going to Light a Fire in the Kitchen Stove. She has been Disappointed in Love, and Desires to Die. She will Put some of the Oil in the Stove, and Light it with a Match. In about half a Minute she will be Twanging a Gold Harp among the Elect in Heaven.



THE LAMP-POST

THE LAMP-POST

SEE the Lamp-Post. By its Dim Rays you can Behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a Man Leaning against the Lamp-Post. Perhaps the Lamp-Post would Fall if it Were not For the Man. At any rate the Man would Fall if it Were not For the Lamp-Post. What is the Matter with the Man? He appears disquieted. He is Trying to Work his Boots up Through his Mouth. He will have a Headache to-morrow, and Lay it to the Altitude.

**THE CANARY BIRD**

THE Canary Bird is Lonesome in the Cage. He has Drawn one of his Little Legs up So High you can See it Sticking Through his Back. Poor Birdie! Are you not Sorry for Him? Suppose you Let him out of the Nasty Cage. Kitty is in the Next Room. Call her in to see Birdie. She will be glad to see Birdie. Will Birdie be Glad to see Kitty?

**THE FOURTH CORPORAL**

THIS is a Fourth Corporal. He Walks stiff Legged behind a Company of Soldiers and Carries a Musket at Half-Mast. He is fond of Human Blood and Delights in Carnage. Has the Fourth Corporal ever been in a War? No. Then what does he Know about War? He has a Cousin who Married a Man by the Name of Gunn.



THE LAP

THE Mother has made a Lap. The Boy is in the Lap. He is Looking at the Carpet. What has the Mother in her Hand? She has a Shingle in her Hand. What will she Do with the Shingle? She will Put it Where it will Do the Most Good.



MAGGIE AND THE GAS

MAMMA has gone out of the Room and Left Little Maggie in Bed all alone. The Gas is Burning, and Maggie cannot go to Sleep. What shall she do? She should Crawl out of Bed, go to the Bureau, and Blow out the Gas. Then she can go to Sleep like a Good Little Girl. That is what you would do, is it not, Dear Little Children?



THE EDITOR'S HOME

THE EDITOR'S HOME

HERE is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month Wages.

**A LITTLE NOVEL**

ONCE there was a Little Girl who Lived all By Herself on a Lone Island. She was Oftentimes very Lonesome and as she Grew up she Longed for a Sweet Heart, but as there was nobody Else on the Island, of Course she could not Have a Beau. She had Four little Girl Babies and Three little Boy babies and She Gave them all the Candy they wanted. One day as she was giving them Some Candy, a Brave Young Prince landed on the Island and Seeing Her fell in Love with Her. She had never Seen a Man before and she did not Know what to say when he Asked her to Marry him. "What will Become of My little Daughter Bella?" she asked. "She can Marry my Father, the King," said the Prince. So they All went to Church and were Married and Lived on the Lone Island happily to the End of their Lives.



THE DRAMATIC CRITIC

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC

THE Dramatic critic is Asleep. The play Does not Interest him. He will give it Thunder in the Paper. The Actors will be Sorry when they Read the Paper because it will Say they are not Artists. After the Play, the Critic will go to the Variety Show. Will he Sleep there? No, he will Not. The lady in the Short Dress and Pink Tights will Buy six Copies of the Paper in the Morning because the Critic will Say she is an Artist. It is very Comfortable to be an Artist when there are Critics in the Neighborhood.

**THE RED HOT STOVE**

THE Stove is Red Hot. Run, Ella, and get the Caster and put some Red Pepper on the Stove. Then when Mamma comes in, She will be Red Hot too

**THE FLY**

THE Fly is walking on the Window. Now he has Stopped to think, and he is Running his Legs through his Hair. Can we not Do something to Entertain the fly? Suppose we Catch him and Squeeze some of his Insides out on a Piece of Paper and Let him go. The paper will Follow the Fly all over the House, and will Serve as a frightful Example to the other Flies.



THE FROG

THE Frog is Sitting on the Log. He is Waiting for a Fly to come Along. He has Business with the Fly. While he is Waiting let us Have some Fun with him. Put a Lighted Fire-Cracker in his Mouth. Where is the Frog now? Why, there He is in the Water with his Ears blown out. Why does he not Come back to the Log? Perhaps he has Forgotten all about the Fly.



THE SUGAR BOWL

WHO Put the Salt in the Sugar bowl? Mamma is anxious to Find out. Willie is Busy looking out of the Window. Can you guess what he is thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie, we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.



THE JOKE AND THE MINSTREL

THE JOKE AND THE MINSTREL

HERE we have a Joke and a Man. The Joke is very Old. It is Bald and Toothless. It must Be about one Thousand years Old. The Man wears a Big Diamond and a Shiny plug Hat. He is a Negro Minstrel. Go and give the Old, Old Joke to him and he will Take care of it very Tenderly. It is his Business. He gets Forty dollars a week for it.

**THE HERDIC**

THIS is a Herdic. What is the Sign on the Herdic? The Sign tells us the Herdic is full. Oh, who would not gladly be a Herdic?

**A NAUGHTY MAMMA**

BENNIE is Lying in the Cradle and he is Crying. He is Crying because Mamma will not give him The Moon. What a Naughty Mamma not to Give her little Boy the Moon! But Mamma does not care how much Bennie Cries. She has a Son, and the Moon can go to Thunder.



THE FOREMAN

THE FOREMAN

WHO is this Ferocious looking Man? He is Foreman in a Printing office. He gets Paid for Throwing Men Down Stairs when they Come in to Lick the Editor, and for Putting wrong dates at the Head of the Paper. He can Pi more type in fifteen Minutes than Seven Printers can Set up in Two weeks. He loves to ask the Editor for Copy. If it were not for Him, the Paper would Look pretty Well every morning. Everything would be Fat and none of the Live Ads would be Left out.

**THE MOUSE TRAP**

CAN you See the Mouse Trap? I wonder if it is Set? Put your Finger in one of the Holes and See. There is a little Mouse caught in one of the Holes on the other Side. Pull him out by the Tail. He appears to be Dead. Perhaps the Trap was not Well enough Ventilated for him. Take poor little dead Mouse and put him in Sister Dora's bed where she Can see him when she Pulls back the sheet tonight.

**THE SWEET HOME**

MAMMA is Larruping Papa with the Mop Handle. The children are Fighting over a Piece of Pie in the Kitchen. Over the Piano there is a Beautiful Motto in a gilt Frame. The Beautiful Motto says there is no Place like Home.



THE DELIGHTFUL MUD HOLE

WHAT a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite Deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to Come, too, and then you can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock.



THE BOW-LEGGED MAN

THE Man is Bow-Legged. But he cannot Help it and you Must not Laugh at him. He got Bow-Legged ploughing on a side Hill when he was a Boy. The Tailor has to Cut out his Pants with a Circular Saw.



THE DIAMOND PIN

THE DIAMOND PIN

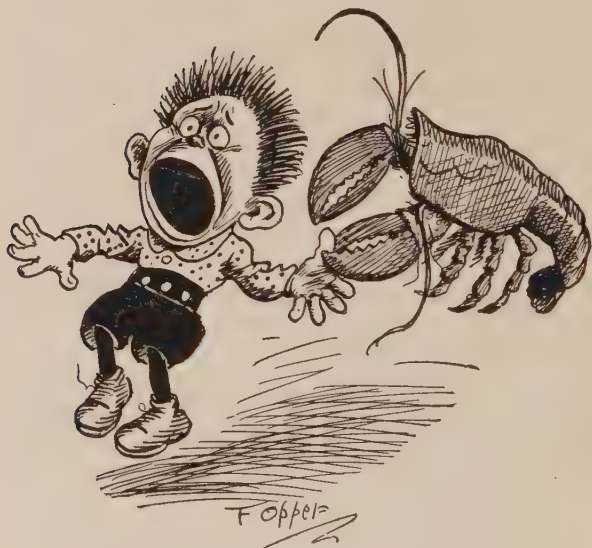
HERE is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Mind.

**JAMES AND THE FAIRY**

MAMMA told little James not to go out of the Yard. But little James disobeyed mamma and Ran away. As he was going down the Street a Fairy met him and Said did you Run away from Home? Well, I should Smile, replied little James. And then the Fairy gave him a new Top and Lots of Beautiful Glass Marbles. Little James never Forgot the good Fairy, and he used to Run away from Home every Day so the Fairy would give him Nice Presents. Children, who knows but what the Fairy will give you a Nice Present if you Run Away?

**THE BABY'S NOSE**

THE Baby's Nose is a Queer sort of Thing. The baby cannot Walk, but its Nose Can Run. Take the bottle of Ammonia and hold it Under the Baby's Nose and See what a Funny Face the Baby will make. There is Nothing like a Baby's getting used to Ammonia young. It may be a Trifle hard to the Ammonia.



THE LOBSTER

THIS is not a Big Spider. It is a Lobster. He is Green now, but when he Gets into Hot Water he will Look Red and Feel Blue. The Lobster carries his Teeth on his Arm. Pat him on the Teeth. Maybe the Teeth will Kind of Take to You.



THE BILLY GOAT

THIS strange looking creature is a Billy Goat. He has a Beard on him that Looks like Papa's, and he is a Stronger Butter than Mamma uses for Cooking. What is the Billy Goat doing? He is Eating an Oyster Can. If you Were to go up and Pull the Billy Goat's beard you Would feel Something Drop. And it would not be the Billy Goat, Either.



THE EDITOR'S VALISE

HERE we Have a Valise. It does not Weigh Four hundred Pounds. It is the Valise of an Editor. In the Valise are Three Socks and a Bottle and a Book. There is Something in the Bottle. Maybe it is Arnica for the Editor's Sore Finger. The Book is Baxter's Saints' Rest. The Socks got into the Valise by Mistake. Perhaps the Bottle will get into the Editor by Mistake.



THE KINDLY OLD MAN

THE Girl is at the Gate. A young Man is coming down the Lane. The Girl's papa is Sitting on the Front Porch. He is very Old. He has raised a Family of Eleven children. What is the Poor old Man Thinking about, and why Does he Gaze so Intently at his right Boot? Maybe he is Thinking about Raising the Young Man who is Coming down the Lane.



THE POET

THE POET

WHO is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Pile Driver.

**THE BEAUTIFUL PIANO**

WHAT a Beautiful Piano! You Can see your Face on the Cover. If you Had a Pin you could Scratch Nice Pictures all Over the Piano. Will you Play on the Piano? Your Fingers are not Long Enough, are they? But you can Pound on the Pretty Keys with your little Fists. Maybe, if you Pound Hard enough Mamma will Come to See who is Making such Lovely Music.

**A RECHERCHÉ AFFAIR**

THIS is a Recherché Affair. Recherché Affairs are sometimes Met with in Parlors and Ball Rooms, but more Generally in the Society Department of Newspapers. A Recherché Affair is an Affair where the Society Editor is invited to the Refreshment Table. When the Society Editor is told his Room is Better than his Company, the Affair is not Recherché.



THE INK BOTTLE

THE INK BOTTLE

CAN you See the Ink Bottle on the Table? It is Full of Nice Black Ink. If you Want to, you can Pour the Ink out on the Carpet. It makes the Carpet look Black, too, does it not? Sit down on the Carpet and Put both of your Little Paddies in the Ink. See, your Fingers are Covered with the Ink. What a Nice picture you can Make on the Wall Paper now. Make a Picture of a Big Man and a Little Girl. Do you want to Put Some Ink on the Lace Curtain? Very well, Put it on Carefully, for you Should never Waste the Ink or anything else. This will be Quite a Surprise to Mamma when she Comes in.

**OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY**

THIS Awkward sheet is our Esteemed Contemporary. It is Run by an Unhung Felon. We would not Give him a Glass of Water to Save his Life, but we would Take a Beer with him if we were Properly Approached. Our esteemed Contemporary has no Circulation and its influence is Correspondingly Small. It cuts Advertising Rates and is So Mean it would Skin a Skunk to Save a Scent. If we had Our Way, we would Suspend our Esteemed Contemporary and Put its Editors and Reporters in Jail where they belong.



THE HORSE-RADISH

THE HORSE-RADISH

WILLIE has Found some Horse-Radish. It is in a Jar labeled Jam. He has just Taken a Big Mouthful of the Horse-Radish. There are Tears in his Eyes. Perhaps he is Crying because he loves in Vain.

**A CHICAGO PAPA**

A CHICAGO Papa is so Mean he Won't let his Little Baby have More than One Measle at a time.

**PAPA'S PIPE**

IS it a Pipe? Yes, it is Papa's Pipe and it Has not been Cleaned out for Four months. It is full of Ashes and Spit. It would not Hurt the Pipe if you were to Take several good long Sucks at it.

**A CANDIDATE**

DO you see that Candidate over There? He is standing still. He is a Democratic Candidate. If he were a Republican he Would be Running. Democratic Candidates are not real Candidates. They can not Run. They do not even Walk. When you are very Tired and Want to rest you ought to Become a Democratic Candidate.



THE BUSINESS MANAGER

THE BUSINESS MANAGER

HERE we Have a Business Manager. He is Blowing about the Circulation of the Paper. He is Saying the Paper has Entered upon an Era of Unprecedented Prosperity. In a Minute he will Go up Stairs and Chide the Editor for leaving his Gas Burning while he Went out for a Drink of Water, and he will dock a Reporter Four Dollars because a Subscriber has Licked him and he cannot Work. Little Children, if we Believed Business Managers went to Heaven, we would Give up our Pew in Church.

**THE CATERPILLAR**

THE Caterpillar is Crawling along the Fence. He has pretty Fur all over his Back, and he Walks by Wrinkling up his Skin. He is Full of Nice yellow Custard. Perhaps you had better take him into the house, where it is warm, and Mash him on the Wall Paper with Sister Lulu's Album. Then the Wall Paper will Look as if a Red Headed Girl had been leaning Against it.

**THE LAMP**

THIS is a Lamp. It is full of Nice Yellow Oil. Can you Light the Lamp? If there is Too much Oil, pour Some of it in the Stove. Mamma will not Miss the Oil if you Pour it in the Stove, but she May miss You. A little Oil on the Carpet is not a Bad thing for the Oil, but it is a bad Thing for the Carpet and You.



PAPA'S SORE TOE

Poor Papa has got a Sore Toe. The Toe is Wrapped up in a Wet Rag. What would the Toe Say if you were to Drop a Flat Iron on it? It would not say Anything. Toes cannot Talk. But Papa would be Apt to be Heard From.



THE MUCILAGE

THE Bottle is Full of Mucilage. Take it and Pour some Mucilage into Papa's Slippers. Then when Papa Comes home, it will Be a Question whether there will be More Stick in the Slippers than on your Pants.



BENNIE AND THE TACK

BENNIE has Heard his Papa say the Tack is a Useful Object, and he has put a Tack in Papa's chair. The business End of the Tack is Pointed upwards. Bennie is evidently Anxious to get at the Bottom Facts.

THE WIND MILL

SEE the Wind Mill. It is a Pretty Sight. It has Sails that go Round and Round and Make a Noise like the Whirring of a bird's wings. The Wind Mill Looks Sad. It has had Hard Luck. It used to be a Democratic politician and Furnish Enthusiasm for Arapahoe county Campaigns. But Wind will not Run a Campaign and so the Wind Mill lost its Job. And now it Stands out on a Bleak Prairie and Hauls water out of the Cold, hard Earth for a living. Any Kind of Honest Labor is awful rough on a Democrat, but Having Anything to Do with Water breaks him All Up.

**AN INTENSELY EXCITING SENSATION**

IS this a Cemetery? No, it is a Picture of Pueblo during the Busy Season. Do you see the Man Patting the Dog on the Back and Promising him a Bone if he will lie Down and Go to Sleep again? That is What they Call an Intensely Exciting Sensation in Pueblo. The Earth is going to Live five hundred Million years Longer, and Pueblo expects to Be the State Capital before the End of that Time. You will not Live to see it the Capital—or, at least, you ought to Hope Not.



JOHNNY AND THE PEARS

JOHNNY AND THE PEARS

MAMMA had two Pears. She Gave One to Johnny and Put the Other on the Pantry Shelf. Johnny ate his Pear and Cried for the Other. No, said the Cruel Mamma, you cannot have it, for I am going to Eat it all by Myself and not Give anybody a Bite. But Johnny was too Smart for Mamma. When she Went into the Parlor, he Stole into the Pantry and tried to knock the Pear down with the Broom. He had hard work, but after Breaking some Crockery and several Goblets, his Perseverance was Rewarded and down came the Pear. He ate it all up Quick and it Tasted awful good. Johnny told Mamma the Cat had eaten the Pear and Broken the Dishes, but what Mamma gave Johnny was not a new Velocipede. Little boys, let us Try to do Like good little Johnny and our Mammams will feel for us.



A LADY

HERE we have a Lady. She was at a Party last Night, and the Paper spoke of her as the Amiable and Accomplished Wife of our Respected Fellow Citizen. Our Respected Fellow Citizen is now as Full as a Tick, and his Amiable and Accomplished Wife is Walloping him with the Rolling Pin. The lady appears to be more Accomplished than Amiable.



THE CLOTHES PIN

HERE we have a clothes pin. It is made of White Pine, and has a grip on it Like a poor Cousin. It would be Nice to put the Clothes pin on the Baby's Nose. The Baby could not Help itself, and the Clothes pin would get in its Work on the Nose for all it was Worth.

A BOODLE POLITICIAN

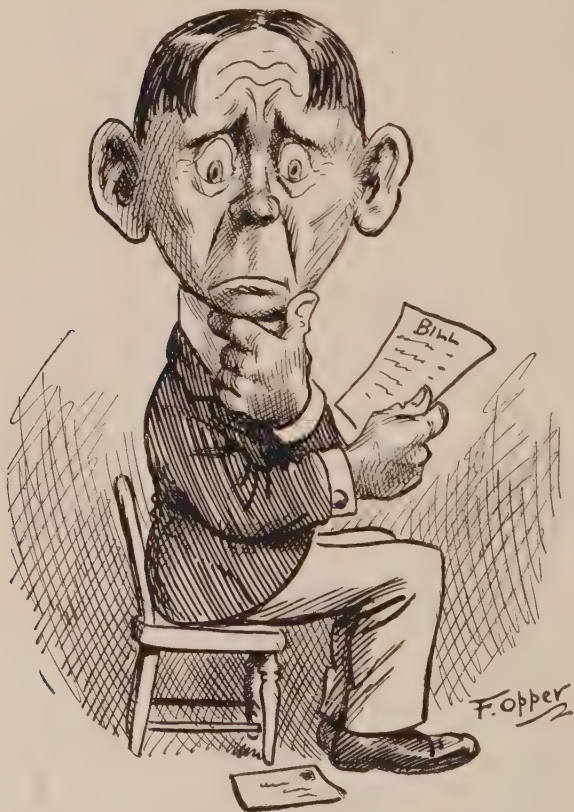
IS this a Picture of an Actress? No, it is a Picture of a Booodle Politician. Is it not Beautiful? The left Eye is Closed. It must be Tired. He is Sitting on a Barrel. It must be a Barrel of Jam. Would you like to get your Little Hand into the Barrel? We Would.

**A RAILROAD BUILDER**

WHO is the old man I see? The old man is a Railroad Builder, and his brow is clouded. Why is his brow clouded? It is clouded because this is Monday and he cannot build any railroad track. Why can he not build railroad track on Monday? Because he is pious and remembers the Sabbath day to keep everybody he can hire wholly—busy. He only builds on Sunday. This is the reason he is so much respected in saloons and other mercantile establishments.

**MAJOR ANDRÉ**

MAJOR ANDRÉ was a British officer. Benedict Arnold hired him for Four Dollars a day to go as Spy into the American Camp and hear the News. He carried important Papers in his Boots, and, upon being Arrested by the Americans, the Papers were found. Then they said they would hang him. He was sorry for what he had Done and Said he was going to Heaven. He fell with a Dull, Sickening Thud. They are going to Build a Monument to him, not because he did Wrong, but because he got Caught.



A TALE OF LOVE

A TALE OF LOVE

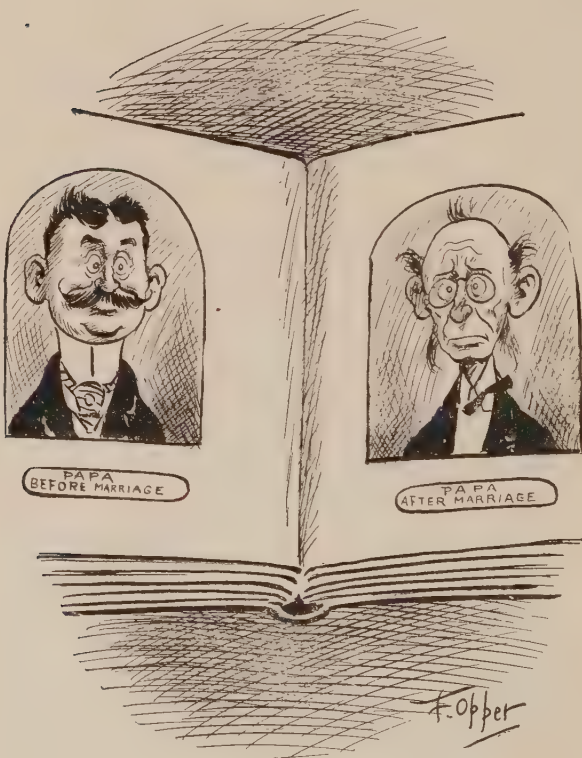
THE young Man is Reading a Letter and seems Deeply Agitated. Maybe it is a Letter from his Sweet Heart, and she has Given him the Grand Bounce. How his Breast Heaves and how his Heart must Throb under his Celluloid Shirt Front. The Letter is from His Tailor. Let us not Invade the Secrecy of the poor Young man's Grief.

**A BUSY MAN**

THIS Man is very Busy. He is Pushed for Time. He looks as if he had more on his Hands than he could accomplish. We feel Sorry for him. He has an Important Engagement to Keep, and he is Hurrying up Matters to Meet it. He is to be Hung at Noon to-morrow.

**THE STEAM PRESS**

IS this Not a Beautiful steam Press? The Steam is Lying Down on the Floor taking a Nap. He came from Africa and is Seventy years Old. The press Prints Papers. It can Print nine hundred papers an Hour. It takes One hour and Forty Minutes to Print the Edition of the Paper. The paper has a circulation of Thirty-seven Thousand. The Business Manager says So.



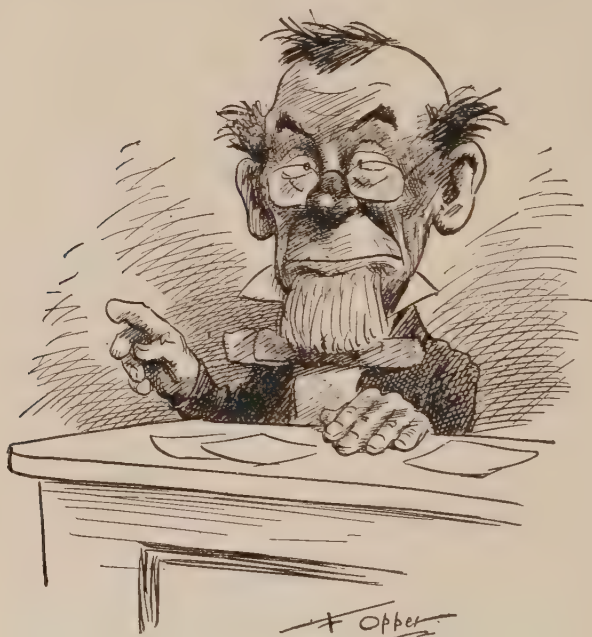
THE ALBUM

THE ALBUM

HERE we Have an Album. It is full of Pictures for little Children with Dirty Fingers to Look at. Here are two Pictures of Papa. This is one of Him before he was Married to Mamma. He looks like a Two-year-old Colt behind a Band of Music. Here is a picture of Papa after he Married Mamma. Now he Looks like a Government Mule hauling a Load of Pig Iron. See if you Can put your finger on the Nose and the Eyes and the Mouth of Each Picture. Turn down a Leaf when you Come to a Pretty Picture you Like. The baby is Eating Bread and Molasses. Let him Take the Album and Look at the Pictures, too.

**THE SEWING MACHINE**

HERE is a Sewing Machine. It was Made for little Children to Play with. Put your Feet on the Treadle and Make the Wheels go round Fast. See how the Thread unwinds and the Needle bobs up and down! This is Lots of Fun. Do not Deny baby the privilege of Putting his Fat little Finger under the Needle. It will Make pretty holes in the Finger and give Baby something to occupy his Attention for a Long time.



A FIRE

IS this a fire? No, it is not a fire. It is the Judge of the County Court. Why did you think it was a fire? Because it looked so Red. The Judge is a Nice Man. He writes Articles about the Governor. You must not Mistake Him for a Fire again. But you may Compare him with the Warm, Sensuous glow of a Neapolitan Sunset.

MAMMA'S TOOTH-BRUSH

MAMMA'S Tooth-brush is on the Bureau. Suppose we scrub out the Sink with it. Then Mamma will wonder what she has Eaten to give her such a Bad Breath. She will Think the Tooth-brush has been Sitting up with a Corpse.

**MISS HORTENSE**

MISS HORTENSE is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in 'Green and Gold. It asks What is Home without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done, she will Give it to her Beau, who Tends a Dry Goods counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Week's Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's beau is Coming to-night.

**AN AWFUL SIGHT**

OH, what an awful Sight! It is the Editor of the Colorado Springs *Gazette*. He has Long, White Teeth and there is Blood on his gums. He is a Bad Man and he has just Eaten a Poor Little Baby. He is trying to get the Capital Removed. If he gets the Capital Removed, he will Eat a Poor Little Baby every Day. You must Tell your Dear Papa not to Vote to have the Capital Removed.



PAPA'S RAZOR

PAPA'S RAZOR

WHAT is this we See? It is a Razor and Papa uses it Every morning to make his Neck sore. It looks Pretty Sharp. Draw it across your Fingers and Make it Dull. You could Cut your Name on the Mantel Piece with the Razor if you Were to Try. A Razor is a Handy Thing to have in a House where there are Corns and Piano Legs to Carve. It is also Just the Thing to Cut off the Kitten's Tail with.

**PAPA'S WATCH**

HERE we have Papa's watch. There is a Fairy in the Watch. Would you Like to Hear her Sing? If you will Drop the Watch on the Floor, the Fairy in the Watch will Sing the Prettiest little Song you ever Heard and all the Wheels will Buzz just as Funny as can Be. When papa Comes home and finds the Fairy has been Singing, maybe he will Ask you to Step out into the Woodshed with him on a Matter of Business.

**THE REPORTER**

WHAT is that I see? That, my Child, is the *News* Interviewer, and he is now Interviewing a Man. But where is the Man? I can see no Man. The Man, my Child, is in his Mind.



THE EDITOR

THIS is an Editorial Writer. He is Writing a Thoughtful Piece about the Degeneracy of the Age. He talks about the good old Times when Men were Manly and Youthful Breasts were Pregnant with Chivalry. By and by he Will go Home and Lick his wife for not Cutting up enough Cord Wood for the kitchen Fire in the Morning, and he will Spit tobacco all over his daughter Esther's new silk Gown.

THE CAT CAME BACK

HERE we have a Dornick and a Cat. The Cat is Approaching the Well. She thinks there is a Mouse there. Suppose we approach the well with the Dornick. There is no Mouse as we Can See. Perhaps the Mouse is at the Bottom of the Well. Let us Hitch the Dornick to the Cat and Put Them in the Well. Then the Cat will not Come back without the Mouse.

**THE PRINTER**

HAS the Printer tobacco? He has But he will not Tell you So. He carries it in the Leg of his Boot and when he wants a Chew he Sneaks down in the Back Alley where Nobody can See him. When he Spits tobacco, it Sounds like a Duck diving in the Water. The printer is a Queer man. He is a Fickle person. Sometimes he has Ten thousand Ems on the string, but they are Always his Dupes. If you are a Printer, Do not Be a Blacksmith or you will get Fired.

**PROBLEMS**

IF you are good at addition, put down a column of figures, five figures in a row, and the sum will represent the age of Clara Louise Kellogg.

If a Pueblo bed bug can travel seventy rods in one hour, when there is nothing ahead to encourage him, how many miles will he travel in ten minutes to meet a fat man from Cheyenne?



A BRASS FOUNDRY

A BRASS FOUNDRY

IS this a Brass Foundry? No, it is a Traveling Man. He carries big Trunks all over the Country and Makes Love to Dining room Girls. He has Been all Over and Under Europe and Taken in all the Great Masters. He has Scoured the Alps clean. He can Tell more Smutty Stories than a Politician, and he can get Bilin' slower on More Liquor than any Government official. The best Way to get along with the Traveling men is to get along Without them.

**THE MOLASSES JUG**

HERE is a Molasses jug. It is Full of Molasses. How many Flies are there in the Molasses? That is a Hard one to Answer. Those flies will Look Proud spread out on Sister Lucy's buckwheat Cakes in the Morning. But Lucy will not Care. She will pick them out of the Molasses with her Taper Fingers, and Wipe them on the Bottom of her Chair. But if her Beau were there she would Yell and say, Oh, how Horrid! The strength of a Woman's Stomach depends Largely on the surroundings.

**PROBLEMS**

Suppose a man with a bottle of whisky were to set down the bottle and carry the whisky, what would the result be?

If one gallon of coal oil will blow up a kitchen stove, how much Kansas City gin is required to make a man feel like a barn afire?



A NEW STORY

A NEW STORY

WHO was George Washington? He was Mrs. Washington's little Boy. One Day he went out in the Orchard and got the Hired Man to chop down a cherry tree. "Who has done this Deed?" asked George's mother that Very Afternoon. There was Blood in the Old Lady's Eye. In order not to get fired, the Hired Man gave George two marbles and a Top to say he Did it. "Mamma," said George, "I cannot Tell a Lie. I Done it with the Ax." Whereupon his Mother complimented him on his Truthfulness, but gave him One in the Neck for using Bad Grammar.

**THE REPORTER ON SUNDAY**

IS this a Sunday? Yes, it is a Sunday. How Peaceful and Quiet it is. But Who is the Man? He does not Look Peaceful. He is a reporter and he is Swearing. What makes him Swear? Because he has to Work on Sunday? Oh, no! He is Swearing because he has to Break the Fourth Commandment. It is a sad thing to be a Reporter.

**THE TOWEL**

IS this a Corner Lot? No, it is a Towel. It has Been serving an Apprenticeship in a Printing Office for the past Four Years. The horses are dragging it Away. A man will Take an Ax and Break the Towel into Pieces and Boil it for Soap Grease. Then he will sell the Towel for Tripe. If you find a Piece of Tripe with a Monogram in one Corner, you may Know it is the Towel.



ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN

O H, children, you Must never chew
Tobacco—it is Awful!
The Juice will Quickly make you Sick,
If once you get your Maw Full.

THE ADMIRAL

WHO is the Man? The Man is Admiral McLean and he is getting Ready to Sing. Can the Admiral Sing? Those who have heard him Say he Can Not. Has he ever Sung a Song Through? Nobody can Tell. Why can Nobody Tell? Because every Body walks Away when he Begins for to Sing.

**IN THE GLOAMING**

MABEL is sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song Says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be giving herself Dead Away. He is Not Waiting for her In the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a bobtail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull out or stand in on a Bluff. Mabel would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to Sing take Back the Hand which thou Gavest.

**THE BUGABOO**

DID you ever see a Bugaboo? Ask Mamma to Blow out the Light to-night after you Go to Bed and Let you See a Bugaboo. It has a Big Voice like a Bear, and its Claws are as long as a Knife. It will Bite Good Little Children and Run off with them to the Cold Dark Woods where they can Never see Mamma any More. If you are Good, Beware of Bugaboos.



THE FISH

THE FISH

SEE the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him, Head, Tail, Inwards, and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.

**A CENTRAL CITY EDITOR**

IS this an Ass? No, this is the Editor of a paper at Central City. Oh, what a Misake! No, my Child, the Mistake was a Natural one. You would not Insult an Ass, would you?

**A PROUD BIRD**

HERE we have a Senator. He is a Proud Bird. He has been Renominated and he is Happy. And who is the Bird with the Senator? It is one of his constituents. Is he Happy? Yes, he too is Happy because the Senator is Happy. But not too Happy. Just Happy Enough.



THE CONCENTRATED LYE

THE CONCENTRATED LYE

WHAT a Pretty Can it is. What do you Suppose is in the Can? Open it and see. Goodness me, it is Concentrated Lye! How Nice! Are you not Glad? Let us eat it. Taste it and See how Warm it is. If you will Eat it you will not Want anything More to Eat For a Long Time.



A TALE OF WOE

A HUNGRY Cat—	Ferocious Jaws—
A foolish Rat.	Remorseless Claws.
A lively Run—	A dying Squeal—
Exciting Fun.	A hearty Meal.

Alas, poor Rat!
O happy Cat!



A B C

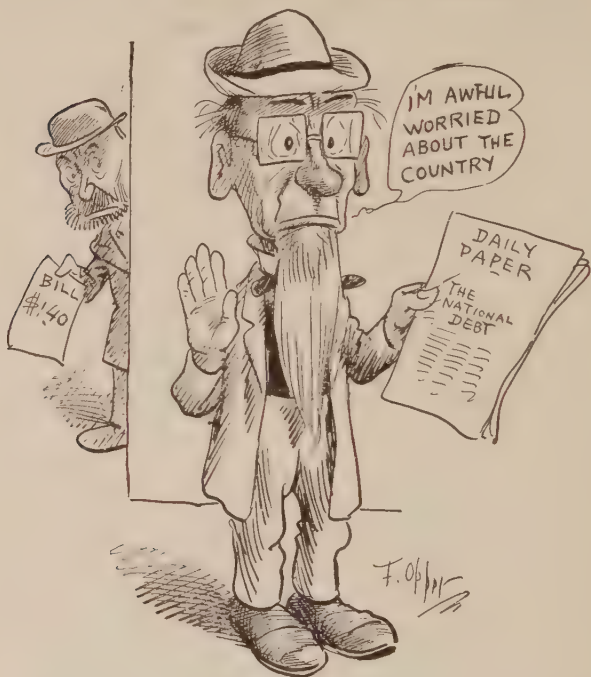
A STANDS for Apple, so hard and so Green—
B stands for Boy who is going away—
C stands for Colic that Soon will be seen—
D stands for Devil that's shortly to pay.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC

A MAN had Six Sons and Four Daughters. If he had had Six Daughters and Four Sons, how many more Sons than Daughters would he have had?

If a Horse weighing 1600 pounds can Haul four tons of Pig Iron, how many Seasons will a Front Gate painted Blue carry a young Woman on One Side and a young Man on the other?



A GREENBACKER

HERE we have a Greenbacker. He seems Troubled about Something. He is Troubled about the National Debt. He is Grieving because the Country of his Nativity owes one Billion Dollars. The other Man around the Corner is a Grocery Man. He, too, is Troubled, but he is not Worrying about the National Debt. Oh, no. He is Worrying about the one Dollar and Forty cents the Greenbacker owes him.

A ROMANCE

A CALM, delightful autumn night;
A moon's mysterious, misty light;
A maiden at her window height,
In proper robe of fleecy white.

The little wicket gate ajar;
A lover tripping from afar,
With tuneful voice and light guitar,
To woo his radiant guiding star.

The lute gave forth a plaintive twang—
Oh, how that doting lover sang!
A bull-dog with invidious fang—
A nip, a grip, and then a pang!

A maiden swooning in affright,
A lover in a piteous plight,
A canine quivering with delight—
A wild delirious autumn night!



COMING STYLES

SLIPPERS should be worn High on Bad little
Boys this Winter.

Fashionable Corns are to be Trimmed with Steel-
Blue Razors this Season.

Red Pepper worn on Hot Stoves continues to
Create quite a Sensation in the Best Social Circles.



THE POLICEMAN

THE POLICEMAN

DO not Make a Noise or you will Wake the Policeman! He is Sitting on the Door Step asleep. It is very Hard on him to Have to Sleep out of Doors these Cold Nights. There is a Bank being Robbed around the Corner and a Woman is being killed in the next Block. If the Policeman Waked up, he might Find it out and Arrest somebody. Some people Believe this is what Policemen are for, but the Policemen do not Think so.

**THE MOON**

THE Moon is a Satellite. A Satellite is a Sort of Associate Editor. It revolves around Somebody Else and gets full on Four Quarters. The Moon is a great Way from the Earth. It would Take a Street Car 16,000,000,239 years to Make the Distance. A Snail could Make it in half that Time. Break a piece of Glass out of Mamma's mirror, Smoke it over the Lamp, and look at the Moon through it.

**AN HONEST VOTER**

IF a poor but honest voter chases a reformer four blocks in ten hours, how many blocks will he have to go to catch him? This depends altogether on the location of the Bank.



BABY AND I

BABY AND I

BABY and I in the weary night
Are taking a walk for his delight;
I drowsily stumble o'er stool and chair
And clasp the babe with grim despair,
 For he's got the colic,
 And paregoric
Don't seem to ease my squalling heir.

Baby and I in the morning gray
Are griping and squalling and walking away—
The fire's gone out and I nearly freeze—
There's a smell of peppermint on the breeze.
 Then Mamma wakes
 And baby takes
And says, "Now cook the breakfast, please."



THE AWFUL BUGABOO

THE AWFUL BUGABOO

THERE was an awful Bugaboo
Whose Eyes were Red and Hair was Blue;
His Teeth were Long and Sharp and White
And he went Prowling 'round at Night.

A little Girl was Tucked in Bed,
A pretty Night Cap on her Head;
Her Mamma heard her Pleading Say,
"Oh, do not Take the Lamp away!"

But Mamma took away the Lamp
And oh, the Room was Dark and Damp;
The little Girl was Scared to Death—
She did not Dare to Draw her Breath.

And all at Once the Bugaboo
Came Rattling down the Chimney Flue;
He Perched upon the little Bed
And scratched the Girl until she bled.

He drank the Blood and Scratched again—
The little Girl cried out in Vain—
He picked Her up and Off he Flew—
This Naughty, Naughty Bugaboo!

So, children, when in Bed to-night,
Don't let them Take away the Light,
Or else the Awful Bugaboo
May come and Fly away with You!

CONKY STILES

A CONCORDANCE

AS near as I could find out, nobody ever knew how Conky Stiles came to know as much of the Bible as he did. Thirty years ago people as a class were much better acquainted with the Bible than folks are nowadays, and there wasn't another one of 'em in the whole Connecticut valley, from the Canada line to the Sound, that could stand up 'long-side of Conky Stiles and quote Scripture. Well, he knew the whole thing by heart—from Genesis, chapter first, to the Amen at the end of the Revelation of St. John the Divine; that's the whole business in a nutshell!

His name wasn't Conky; we called him Conky for short. His real name was Silas Stiles, but one time at a Sunday-school convention, Mr. Hubbell, the minister, spoke of him as a "veritable concordance of Holy Scriptures," and so we boys undertook to call him "Concordance," but bimeby that name got whittled down to "Conky," and "Conky" stuck to him all the rest of his life.

When Conky was eight years old he got the prize at our Sunday-school for having committed to memory the most Bible verses in the year, and that same spring he got up and recited every line of Acts of Apostles without having to be prompted once. By the time he was twelve years old he knew the whole Bible by heart, and most of the hymn

book, too, although, as I have said, the Bible was his specialty.

Conky was always hearty and cheery; we all felt good when he was round. We never minded the way he had of quotin' things from the Bible. It was like this: Conky, we'll say, would be goin' down the road, and I'd come out of the house and holler: "Hello, there, Conky! where be you goin'?"

Then he'd say: "John xxii. 3."* That would be all he'd say, and that would be enough; for it gave us to understand that he was goin' a-fishin'. Conky never made a mistake; his quotations were always right.

The habit grew on him as he got older. Associating with Conky for fifteen or twenty minutes wasn't much different from readin' the Bible for a couple of days, except that there wa'n't any manual labor about it. I guess he'd have been a minister, if the war hadn't come along and spoiled it all.

In the fall of 1862 there was a war meetin' in the town-hall, and Elijah Cutler made a speech urgin' the men folks to come forward and contribute their services—their lives, if need be—to the cause of freedom and right. We were all keyed up with excitement, for next to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, I guess that Elijah Cutler was the greatest orator that ever lived. While we were shiverin' and waitin' for somebody to lead off, Conky Stiles rose up and says: "1 Kings xix. 20,"

* "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go afishing . . ."

says he, and with that he put on his hat and walked out of the meetin'.

"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

That's what Conky said, or as good as said, and that's what he meant, too.

He didn't put off his religion when he put on his uniform. Conky Stiles, soldier or civilian, was always a livin', walkin' encyclopedy of the Bible, a human compendium of psalms and proverbs and texts; and I had that confidence in him that I'd have bet he wrote the Bible himself if I hadn't known better and to the contrary.

We were with McClellan a long spell. There was a heap of sickness among the boys, for we weren't used to the climate, and most of us pined for the comforts of home. Lookin' back over the thirty years that lie between this time and that, I see one figure loomin' up, calm and bright and beautiful, in the midst of fever and sufferin' and privation and death; I see a homely, earnest face, radiant with sympathy and love and hope, and I hear Conky Stiles' voice again speaking comfort and cheer to all about him. We all loved him; he stood next to Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan in the heart of everybody in the regiment.

They sent a committee down from our town, one Thanksgiving time, to bring a lot of good things, and to see how soon we were going to capture Richmond. Mr. Hubbell, the minister, was one of them. Deacon Cooley was another. There was

talk at one time that Conky had a soft spot in his heart for the deacon's eldest girl, Tryphena, but I always allowed that he paid as much attention to the other daughter, Tryphosa, as he did to her elder sister, and I guess he hadn't any more hankerin' for one than he had for the other, for when the committee come to go home, Conky says to Deacon Cooley: "Well, good-by, Deacon," says he, "Romans xvi. 12." *

The histories don't say anything about the skirmish we had with the rebels at Churchill's Bridge, along in May of '64, but we boys who were there remember it as the toughest fight in all our experience. They were just desperate, the Confederates were, and—well, we were mighty glad that the night came, for a soldier can retreat in the dark with fewer chances of interruption. Out of our company of one hundred and fifty, only sixty were left. You can judge from that of what the fighting was at Churchill's Bridge. When they called the roll in camp next day, Conky Stiles wasn't there.

Had we left him dead at the bridge, or was he wounded, dying the more awful death of hunger, thirst, and neglect?

One said: "Let's go back for Conky!"

A detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoiter. Only the ruins of the preceding day remained where we boys had stood and stood and stood—only to be repulsed at last. Bluecoats and graycoats lay side by side and over against one another in the recon-
* "Salute Tryphæna and Tryphosa who labor in the Lord."

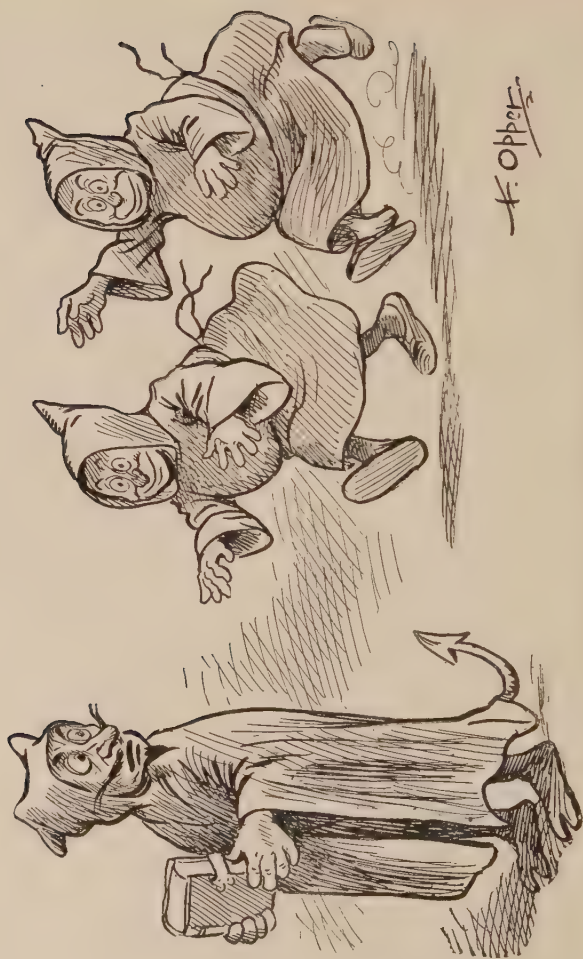
ciling peace of death. Occasionally a maimed body, containing just a remnant of life, was found, and one of these crippled bodies was what was left of Conky.

When the surgeon saw the minie hole there in his thigh, and the saber gash here in his temple, he shook his head, and we knew what that meant.

We heard Conky's voice once again. For when, just at the last, he opened his eyes and saw that we were there, he smiled, feeble like, and the grace of the Book triumphed once more within him, and he says—it seemed almost like a whisper, he spoke so low: "Good-by, boys; 2 Timothy iv. 7."

And then, though his light went out, the sublime truth of his last words shone from his white, peaceful face:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!"



THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIARS

THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIARS

IT befell in the year 1662, in which same year were many witchcrafts and sorceries, such as never before had been seen and the like of which will never again, by grace of Heaven, afflict mankind—in this year it befell that the devil came upon earth to tempt an holy friar, named Friar Gonsol, being strictly minded to win that righteous vessel of piety unto his evil pleasure.



NOW wit you well that this friar had grievously offended the devil, for of all men then on earth there was none more holier than he nor none surer to speak and to do sweet charity unto all his fellows in every place. Therefore it was that the devil was sore wroth at the Friar Gonsol, being mightily plagued not only by his teachings and his preachings, but also by the pious works which he continually did do. Right truly the devil knew that by no common temptations was this friar to be moved, for the which reason did the devil seek in dark and troublous cogitations to bethink him of some new instrument wherewith he might bedazzle the eyes and ensnare the understanding of the holy man. On a sudden it came unto the fiend that by no corporeal allurements would he be able to achieve his miserable end, for that by reason of an abstemious life and a frugal diet the Friar Gonsol had weaned his body from those frailties and lusts to which

human flesh is by nature of the old Adam within it disposed, and by long-continued vigils and by earnest devotions and by godly contemplations and by divers proper studies had fixed his mind and his soul with exceeding steadfastness upon things unto his eternal spiritual welfare appertaining. Therefore it beliked the devil to devise and to compound a certain little booke of mighty curious craft, wherewith he might be like to please the Friar Gonsol and, in the end, to ensnare him in his impious toils. Now this was the way of the devil's tinking, to wit: This friar shall suspect no evil in the booke, since never before hath the devil tempted mankind with such an instrument, the common things wherewith the devil tempteth man being (as all histories show and all theologies teach) fruit and women and other like things pleasing to the gross and perishable senses. Therefore, argueth the devil, when I shall tempt this friar with a booke he shall be taken off his guard and shall not know it to be a temptation. And thereat was the devil exceeding merry and he did laugh full merrily.



NOW presently came this thing of evil unto the friar in the guise of another friar and made a proper low obeisance unto the same. But the Friar Gonsol was not blinded to the craft of the devil, for from under the cloak and hood that he wore there did issue the smell of sulphur and of brimstone which alone the devil hath.

"Beshrew me," quoth the Friar Gonsol, "if the odour in my nostrils be spikenard and not the fumes of the bottomless pit!"

"Nay, sweet friar," spake the devil full courteously, "the fragrance thou perceivest is of frankincense and myrrh, for I am of holy orders and I have brought thee a righteous booke, delectable to look upon and profitable unto the reading."

Then were the eyes of that Friar Gonsol full of bright sparklings and his heart rejoiced with exceeding joy, for he did set most store, next to his spiritual welfare, by bookes wherein was food to his beneficial devouring.

"I do require thee," quoth the friar, "to shew me that booke that I may know the name thereof and discover whereof it treateth."



THEN shewed the devil the booke unto the friar, and the friar saw it was an uncut unique of incalculable value; the height of it was half a cubit and the breadth of it the fourth part of a cubit and the thickness of it five barleycorns lacking the space of three horsehairs. This booke contained, within its divers picturings, symbols and similitudes wrought with incomparable craft, the same being such as in human vanity are called proof before letters, and imprinted upon India paper; also the book contained written upon its pages, divers names of them that had possessed it, all these having in their time been mighty and illustrious

personages; but what seemed most delectable unto the friar was an autographic writing wherein 'twas shewn that the booke sometime had been given by Venus di Medici to Apollos at Rhodes.



WHEN therefore the Friar Gonsol saw the booke how that it was intituled and imprinted and adorned and bounden, he knew it to be of vast worth and he was mightily moved to possess it; therefore he required of the other (that was the devil) that he give unto him an option upon the same for the space of seven days hence or until such a time as he could inquire concerning the booke in Lowndes and other such like authorities. But the devil, smiling, quoth: "The booke shall be yours without price provided only you shall bind yourself to do me a service as I shall hereafter specify and direct."



NOW when the Friar Gonsol heard this compact, he knew for a verity that the devil was indeed the devil, and but that he sorely wanted the booke he would have driven that impious fiend straightway from his presence. Howbeit, the devil, promising to visit him again that night, departed, leaving the friar exceeding heavy in spirit, for he was both assotted upon the booke to comprehend it and assotted upon the devil to do violence unto him.

IT befell that in his doubtings he came unto the Friar Francis, another holy man that by continual fastings and devotions had made himself an ensample of piety unto all men, and to this sanctified brother did the Friar Gonsol straightway unfold the story of his temptation and speak fully of the wondrous booke and of its divers richesses.



WHEN that he had heard this narration the Friar Francis made answer in this wise: "Of great subtilty surely is the devil that he hath set this snare for thy feet. Have a care, my brother, that thou fallest not into the pit which he hath digged for thee! Happy art thou to have come to me with this thing, elsewise a great mischief might have befallen thee. Now listen to my words and do as I counsel thee. Have no more to do with this devil; send him to me, or appoint with him another meeting and I will go in thy stead."

"Nay, nay," cried the Friar Gonsol, "the saints forefend from thee the evil temptation provided for my especial proving! I should have been reckoned a weak and coward vessel were I to send thee in my stead to bear the mortifications designed for the trying of my virtues."

"But thou art a younger brother than I," reasoned the Friar Francis softly; "and, firm though thy resolution may be now, thou art more like than I to be wheedled and bedazzled by these diabolical wiles and artifices. So let me know where this

devil abideth with the booke; I burn to meet him and to wrest his treasure from his impious possession."

But the Friar Gonsol shook his head and would not hear unto this vicarious sacrifice whereon the good Friar Francis had set his heart.

"Ah, I see that thou hast little faith in my strength to combat the fiend," quoth the Friar Francis reproachfully. "Thy trust in me should be greater, for I have done thee full many a kindly office; or, now I do bethink me, thou art assotted on the booke! Unhappy brother, can it be that thou dost covet this vain toy, this frivolous bauble, that thou wouldst seek the devil's companionship anon to compound with Beelzebub? I charge thee, Brother Gonsol, open thine eyes and see in what a slippery place thou standest."

Now by these argumentations was the Friar Gonsol mightily confounded, and he knew not what to do.

"Come, now, hesitate no longer," quoth the Friar Francis, "but tell me where that devil may be found—I burn to see and to comprehend the booke—not that I care for the booke, but that I am grievously tormented to do that devil a sore despatch!"

"Odds boddikins," quod the other friar, "me-seemeth that the booke inciteth thee more than the devil."

"Thou speakest wrongly," cried the Friar Francis. "Thou mistakest pious zeal for sinful selfish-

ness. Full wroth am I to hear how that this devil walketh to and fro, using a sweet and precious booke for the temptation of holy men. Shall so righteous an instrument be employed by the prince of heretics to so unrighteous an end?"

"Thou sayest wisely," quoth the Friar Gonsol, "and thy words convince me that a battaile must be made with this devil for that booke. So now I shall go to encounter the fiend!"

"Then by the saints I shall go with thee!" cried the Friar Francis, and he gathered his gown about his loins right briskly.



BUT when the Friar Gonsol saw this he made great haste to go alone, and he ran out of the door full swiftly and fared him where the devil had appointed an appointment with him. Now wit you well that the Friar Francis did follow close upon his heels, for though his legs were not so long he was a mighty runner and he was right sound of wind. Therefore was it a pleasant sight to see these holy men vying with one another to do battle with the devil, and much it repenteth me that there be some ribald heretics that maintain full enviously that these two saintly friars did so run not for the devil that they might belabor him, but for the booke that they might possess it.



IT fortuneth that the devil was already come to the place where he had appointed the appointment,

and in his hand he had the booke foresaid. Much marveled he when that he beheld the two friars faring thence.

"I adjure thee, thou devil," said the Friar Gonsol from afar off, "I adjure thee give me that booke else I will take thee by thy horns and hoofs and drub thy ribs together!"

"Heed him not, thou devil," said the Friar Francis, "for it is I that am coming to wrestle with thee and to overcome thee for that booke!"

With such words and many more the two holy friars bore down upon the devil; but the devil thinking verily that he was about to be beset by the whole church militant stayed not for their coming, but presently departed out of sight and bore the booke with him.



NOW many people at that time saw the devil fleeing before the two friars, so that, esteeming it to be a sign of special grace, these people did ever thereafter acknowledge the friars to be saints, and unto this day you shall hear of St. Gonsol and St. Francis. Unto this day, too, doth the devil, with that same booke wherewith he tempted the friar of old, beset and ensnare men of every age and in all places. Against which devil may Heaven fortify us to to battle speedily and with successful issuance.



JAMES



REGINALD

JAMES AND REGINALD

JAMES AND REGINALD

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bad boy whose Name was Reginald and there was a Good boy whose Name was James. Reginald would go Fishing when his Mamma told him Not to, and he Cut off the Cat's Tail with the Bread Knife one Day, and then told Mamma the Baby had Driven it in with the Rolling Pin, which was a Lie. James was always Obedient, and when his Mamma told him not to Help an old Blind Man across the street or Go into a Dark Room where the Boogies were, he always Did What She said. That is why they Called him Good James. Well, by and by, along Came Christmas. Mamma said, You have been so Bad, my son Reginald, you will not Get any Presents from Santa Claus this Year; but you, my Son James, will get Oodles of Presents, because you have Been Good. Will you Believe it, Children, that Bad boy Reginald said he didn't Care a Darn and he Kicked three Feet of Veneering off the Piano just for Meanness. Poor James was so sorry for Reginald that he cried for Half an Hour after he Went to Bed that Night. Reginald lay wide Awake until he saw James was Asleep and then he Said if these people think they can Fool me, they are Mistaken. Just then Santa Claus came down the Chimney. He had Lots of Pretty Toys in a Sack on his Back. Reginald shut his Eyes and Pretended to be Asleep. Then Santa Claus Said, Reginald is Bad and I will not Put any nice Things

in his Stocking. But as for you, James, I will Fill your Stocking Plum full of Toys, because You are Good. So Santa Claus went to Work and Put, Oh! heaps and Heaps of Goodies in James' stocking, but not a Sign of a Thing in Reginald's stocking. And then he Laughed to himself and Said I guess Reginald will be Sorry to-morrow because he Was so Bad. As he said this he Crawled up the chimney and rode off in his Sleigh. Now you can Bet your Boots Reginald was no Spring Chicken. He just Got right Straight out of Bed and changed all those Toys and Truck from James' stocking into his own. Santa Claus will Have to Sit up all Night, said He, when he Expects to get away with my Baggage. The next morning James got out of Bed and when He had Said his Prayers he Limped over to his Stocking, licking his chops and Carrying his Head as High as a Bull going through a Brush Fence. But when he found there was Nothing in his stocking and that Reginald's Stocking was as Full as Papa Is when he comes home Late from the Office, he Sat down on the Floor and began to Wonder why on Earth he had Been such a Good boy. Reginald spent a Happy Christmas and James was very Miserable. After all, Children, it Pays to be Bad, so Long as you Combine Intellect with Crime.

THANKSGIVING TALES

FOR THE PROFIT OF THE NURSERY BRIGADE

I

THIS little Boy looks as if he had On his Father's clothes. Maybe he Has not had Anything to Eat for a Month. He is Sitting on a Stool. He is Waiting for Something. His hands are clasped over his Stomach. Can he be Waiting for his Thanksgiving Dinner? What a Queer little Boy to Wait so Patiently. If he were to Cry, he would get his Dinner Sooner, wouldn't he?

II

IN the Tureen there are two Gallons of Soup and Eleven Cove oysters. Do not Be Afraid. The Soup is Pretty Hot, but it will not Burn you. If it is too Hot, you can Spit it out on the Carpet. Do you like Cove oysters? They are Baby oysters Taken out of the Shell before they are Hatched. Some People dry them and use them for Gun Wads. They are much more Digestible than sole leather.

III

WHAT a Big Fat Turkey it is! It must have eaten lots of Worms and Caterpillars to be so Fat. It is Stuffed with nice Stuffing made of Old Crusts and spoiled Biscuits. The Gravy looks Quite Tempting. It does not Look like Tobacco Juice,

does it? The Innards of the Turkey have been Chopped up and are in the Gravy. Unless the Cook was very Careful while Chopping up the Innards, there is a Piece of her Finger in the Gravy, too. Will you Try some of the Turkey? Take a Drum Stick, the Pope's Nose, a Side Bone, the Neck, some of the Breast, and the Wishbone. If that is not Enough, ask Mamma please Can you have some More.

IV

THE vegetables smell good. Two or three of these Onions would make you Stronger. Suppose you Try some of the Turnip and Squash. Pickled Beets are also Good to Eat just before going to Bed. The mashed Potato is healthy when There are no Potato Bugs in it. They are very Plenty this Year. Will you put Some Jelly on Your Bread? How Mad it would Make your Big sister Jenny to Tip the Jelly over in her lap. Suppose you Try it as a Joke.

V

HERE we Have Some Venison. It may Taste a trifle Venerable for it has been hanging Up in the Shed for Several Weeks. But Papa says it is not Fly Blown, and Everything Goes on thanksgiving Day. Once the Venison was a little Deer and lived in the Mountains. A man Caught it and Hung it up on a Tree and cut its poor little Throat and let it Bleed to Death. What a Bad Man. Per-

haps the Deer's baby deers are crying for their Mamma who will Never come.

VI

THE Hired Girl is bringing on the Pudding and it is a Daisy. We mean the Pudding. It is full of Plums. Make Mamma give you a Big Piece of the Pudding with Ever so many Plums in it. If we Were you, we would Swallow the Plums whole and Then they will stay By You longer. When you have Eaten the Pudding, pick your little Dish up and Drink the Sauce.

VII

THERE are Three Kinds of Pie—Cocoanut Pie, Lemon Pie, and Mince Pie. They are the Only Kinds of Pie little children should Eat. You will do Well to Try them All. As much Pie as Possible under the circumstances would be Proper. The best way to Eat Pie is to Take it up in your Fingers. This is Liable to make Pretty little Spots on your Shirt Front. Do you suppose by Trying Hard you could Slip a Piece of the Lemon Pie into your Pocket to Eat after you go to Bed to-night?

VIII

OH, what Beautiful fruit! Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Grapes, Pears, and Figs! Make a Grab for them or you May not Get any. Good little children Eat grapes, skin and all. I wonder if

the Figs have Worms in them. But never Mind: this is no Time for Questions. Your Mamma says Orange Juice will Stain your Frock, but it Will Not. What Fun it would be to Squirt some Orange Juice in the Dear Little Baby's Eyes!

IX

AHA, here Comes the Ice Cream. About two Plates apiece will be Enough for the Children. Ice Cream is Funny Stuff. You eat it and feel it in your Eye. When you have Eaten all you Want, you will Find it right Jolly to Pick the Ice Cream up in your Fingers and Paddle it Around in your Tumbler of Water.

X

HERE we Have the Nuts. They are good for Children. Crack them with your Teeth. Be sure to Drop the Shells on the Floor for the Cat to Eat. Do not Forget to put a Good Many in your Pocket for the Poor Little blind Girl who Lives around the Corner.

XI

THIS little Boy looks too Big for his Clothes. He must have been Measured when he Had the Ague. Mamma will Have to take off His Vest with a Button Hook to-night. What makes the Boy so pale? He has his Hands gathered together over his Diaphragm. Is the Boy Sick? The Boy is Sick. Maybe he has Swallowed something that does not Agree with Him.

XII

WHO is the Man coming through the Door?
He is the Doctor. This is the Worst Symptom of the Boy's Illness we have Seen yet. How can the Boy get Well now? The Doctor asks Mamma how the Boy is. Mamma is crying. The Doctor says he can Fix the Boy.

XIII

THE Doctor has Fixed the Boy.

XIV

HERE we have a Cemetery. Can you see the Little grave Stone over there? It is very Cute. There must be a Boy Planted somewhere Near it. Wouldn't you Like to be Planted under a Cute little Stone like That? Unless you do Justice to your Dinner to-day you cannot Hope for such a Reward of Merit.



AN EPITAPH

HERE lies the body of Mary Ann,
Who rests in the bosom of Abraham.
It's all very nice for Mary Ann,
But it's mighty tough on Abraham.

[illegible]



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The complete Tribune primer

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